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AN ILL WIND.

I CONSIDERED it a particularly ill wind that blew me to Rahway, and stranded me there for the summer of '66. Seen in the light of later events, it is not a wind to complain of. But, just at first, it was rather rough to give up a camp in the Adirondacks with some of the choicest spirits of the National Academy, and decline upon Rahway for my summer studies. All for the reason that "an inscrutable Providence (*vide* obituary) had seen fit to remove our beloved brother (meaning my sister Lizzie's husband) from this vale of tears."

Now, her husband was a pretty poor investment, from the beginning. He was the pastor of a small church upon a small salary, which I am bound to state was no smaller than his talent.

What Lizzie found to admire in the man, I never knew; but she had loved him with the blind credence that belongs to some faithful souls, and she mourned him as tenderly as if he had not left her a penniless widow, with two helpless infants on her hands. The mourning I had nothing to say about—but the infants! Well, they and Lizzie were in one scale, and the Adirondacks in the other. The mountains went up, as it's proper for mountains to do. I had no more money than a tolerably obscure young artist would be likely to have, and it was made clear to me that my year's savings could be better invested in keeping up Lizzie's little home at Rahway than in the other affair which was purely personal.

This was how I came to settle there, and though I grumbled in secret, I was not such a brute as to let Lizzie know it. On the contrary I adapted myself to the situation with outward suavity, and found it not so bad after all. There were some pretty bits of wood and water in the vicinity, a graceful outline of hills not so far away, and some low-lying pasturelands, with a silver ribbon of stream winding and widening through them; also a cow or two, generally in patient contemplation on the banks, or wading knee-deep in the tranquil tide. Enough for artist need, if not for artist aspiration; and better practice for me in the end than the ambitious themes I so ardently desired to attempt. I naturally had my dreams of mountain gorges, with inaccessible pine trees overhanging roaring torrents, and all that sort of thing. But that ill wind of Lizzie's saved me from making a fool of myself, I dare say, and as it was, my pictures of "Bonnie Brook, near Rahway," and "Morning in the Meadow," were hung upon the eye-line at the next spring exhibition, where they brought me substantial recognition as a "rising" artist.

Something better still came before that. Lizzie introduced me to several of the church-members who called upon her after my arrival, and I had invita-

tions to tea-parties and sociables. They weren't very brilliant, and I used to get pretty well bored. But one night things grew more lively. Dancing was not on the programme, as a rule; the church-people were rather straight-laced, and afraid of it; but somebody went to the piano and rattled over

something I said—something I meant to be a test—I felt a thrill of positive delight. Not only in the striking beauty which her sudden animation revealed, but in its subtle, fascinating suggestions. There were depths beneath the frost, then, and I, it seems could reach them! It was not an ill wind after all.

Somewhat later the same evening, Miss Carrington condescended to dance with me, and she, too, came down from her pedestal; she was won chiefly I think by my admiration of Miss Ashley, which indeed was so manifest in the persistence with which I stuck attentively to her side, until common politeness compelled me to resign her to another partner. There are women who are happy to see a friend preferred to themselves—Miss Carrington was one of them. She said significantly,

"It is not every one, I assure you,

who can appreciate Agnes Ashley."

And I answered promptly, "It is not every one to whom Miss Ashley would reveal herself for appreciation. If I am not mistaken, the admiration of the multitude would only be a weariness to her."

Miss Carrington laughed with a little archness, as much as to say, "who taught *you* the mind of the king?" But she nodded assent, and recognition as it were; and I went home and dreamed extravagant dreams.

Lizzie lifted her eyebrows next morning when I told her that I had made Miss Carrington's acquaintance.

"She is a very exclusive person," she said, "I am surprised at your meeting her, for she seldom shows herself at the church sociables. How did she treat you?"

"Rather coolly at first; quite cordially afterwards."

"When she discovered that you were different clay from the set one meets here," Lizzie cried, proudly. "You must call on her father, Sydney, and make yourself intimate at the house, for Kate Carrington is a girl worth knowing. She is an only child, and her father is said to be immensely rich."

"I have asked and received permission to call, and I shall probably go there this evening. Not because Miss Carrington is an heiress, you mercenary creature, but because," I continued, unblushingly, "she has a friend and a visitor that I have fallen in love with."

"Upon my word!" Lizzie exclaimed, with a gasp as if I had taken her breath away. "Do you

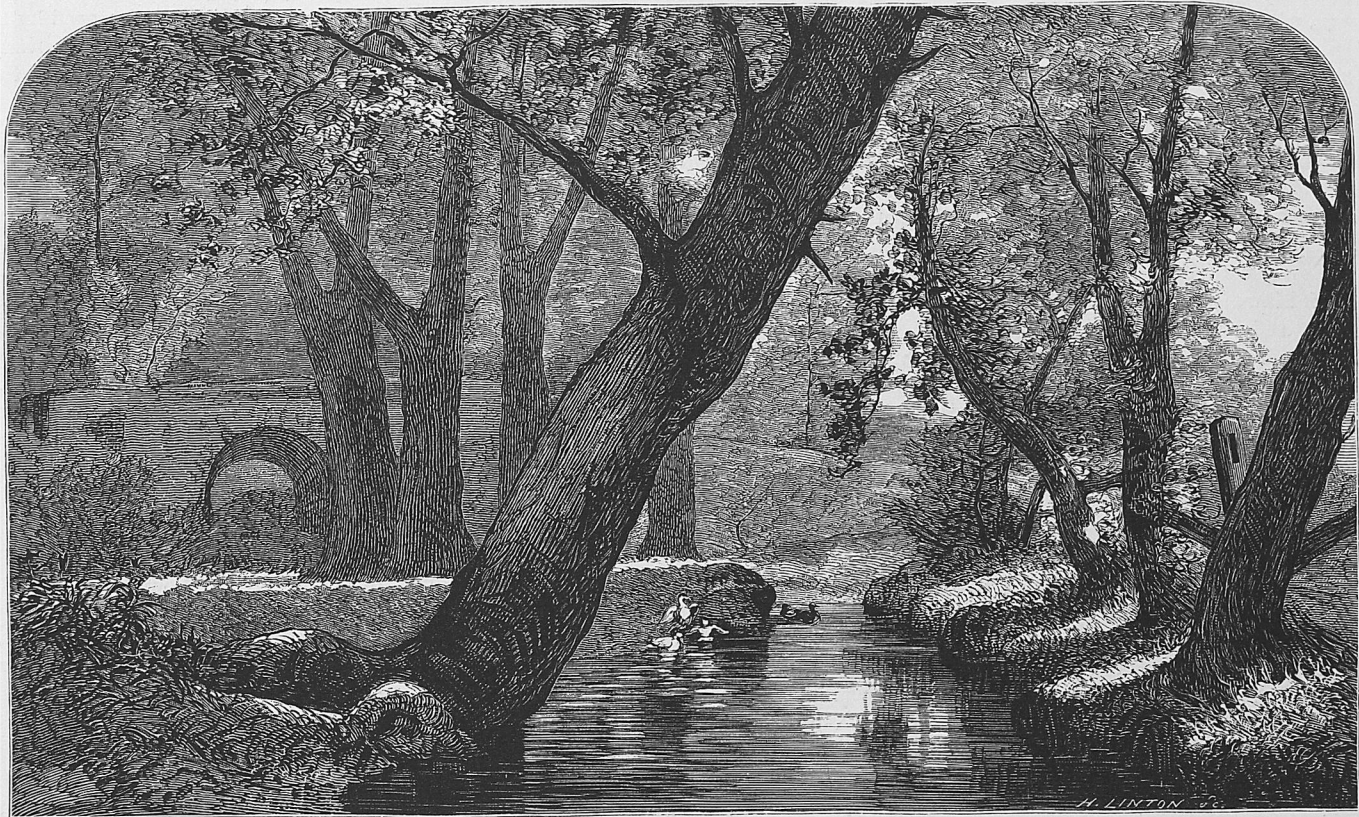
actually mean me to believe what you say?"

"I actually do."

"But Sydney! Kate Carrington's visitor is Agnes Ashley—a poor governess, or music-teacher, or something of that sort."

"Well, and if she is?"

"Oh! it is all very well, but you have your fortune to make, and you are worse than poor—with—



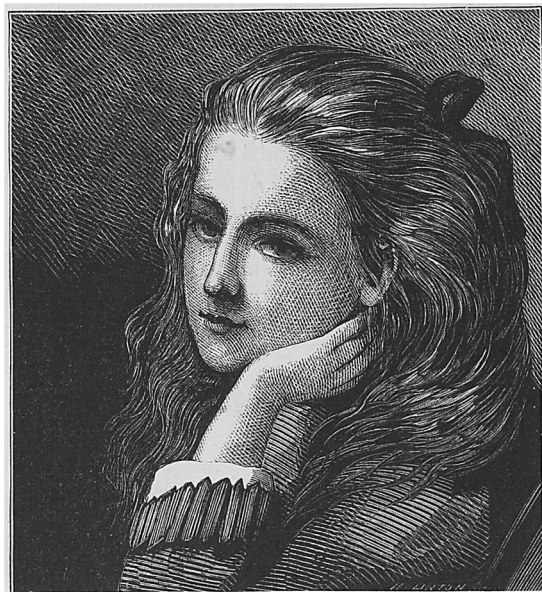
BONNIE BROOK, NEAR RAHWAY.—R. E. PIGUET.



AGNES.

And I was carried off unresisting to be presented to a tall, slender, dark-eyed girl, who stood with her pretty, disdainful face half averted from the company, and who acknowledged my existence with the same self-possessed indifference that Miss Carrington had displayed. She was gracious enough, however, to accept me for her partner, and I was piqued into a determination to melt the fine frost of her manner before I left her. So I talked—not as I had talked to most young ladies—but as to one

for whom one's best is not superfluous; which indeed she made me feel very soon. Not by anything outside of herself. She was the least *dressed*, and the least noticed person, apparently, in the room; but I wondered at it now, for near at hand no one else had so distinguished an air. There was intellect, pride, tenderness, in her clear-cut features; and when they lighted up with a quick, surprised enthusiasm at



KATE.

with these children—and such a helpless—” Lizzie’s lip quivered, as she stopped.

I went round the table and kissed her. “I am not a poor man, dear, while I have such a good little sister. And she and the children shall only be better cared for if I am fortunate enough to win Agnes Ashley for a wife. Don’t be afraid, Lizzie, but trust me.”

After that, it appears that I did not find Rahway so slow. It is true I did not go to the sociables again. There was no need to, for we were very sociable indeed at Bonnie Brook House, Mr. Carrington’s elegant country-seat. I was made welcome there, and found in its fullness the happiness that belongs to the “fools’” paradise, that only fools will slander so. But it was well for me that I had chosen my beautiful Agnes for an Eve to my paradise, instead of Miss Carrington. I found the field occupied there with a vengeance, if I had put in a rash foot. That fact reconciled Lizzie, when I brought the news to her at last—with the waning summer—that I had won the “poor governess” for my bride.

As for me, I was loftily indifferent to her poverty, for I was in high feather at a flood of artistic successes which Rahway had brought me. Miss Carrington’s father, in the first place, gave me an order at a large price for my picture of “Bonnie Brook,” the study for which I had made on his own domain. Another liberal patron of native art fell into raptures over my “Morning in the Meadow,” and that too, was booked at a good figure. Besides I had taken portraits both of Kate and Agnes, which partial friends declared to be in every way characteristic. Altogether I was fast “rising” into fame and fortune—all thanks to Lizzie’s ill wind.

“You have been my good angel,” I said to her some days later, when she had been to offer her sisterly congratulations to my betrothed. “If it were not for you, Lizzie, I should have been making some dreadful failure in the mountains, instead of being as I am the happiest man in New Jersey.”

“Yes, dear, your blessing in disguise,” said Lizzie, with a face like an April day, between smiles and tears. “You thought I did not understand your sacrifice, but I did all the time, and you needn’t interrupt me—I’ve something to tell you. Your ‘poor governess’ that you are so proud of—well, she’s an

heiress, after all. Kate Carrington told me so, yesterday, and she said that Agnes loved you first, because you were so disinterested and honorable, to pay her such attention when you thought her only a poor girl, and when others who thought the same thing, neglected her. It’s all quite romantic, but you

undisciplined and poorly armed soldiers were beaten, Kosciusko fell wounded into the hands of the Russians. He was condemned by Catharine to life-imprisonment; but when Paul ascended the throne, the first act of the new Czar was to visit the illustrious prisoner, and set him and all his friends at liberty,

adding: “General, I give you back your sword, on condition that you promise never to use it against Russia.” Kosciusko gave his word, and being a gentleman as well as a soldier and patriot kept it. At the same time, to place him above want, the Czar made him a present of twelve thousand roubles and fifteen hundred serfs. On recovering from his wounds he paid a visit to this country, where he was received with enthusiasm. After a brief sojourn here, he went to France, and resided for fifteen years at Fontainebleau, engaged chiefly in scientific

pursuits. Disturbed at length by the military occupation of Paris by the Allies, he resolved to make his permanent residence in Solothurn, a beautiful and quiet Swiss village. His arrival made a tremendous sensation at Solothurn. A deputation from the city council waited upon him (which in those days and in that city was an honor), and there was talk of a grand military display; but Kosciusko, modest as

well as brave, begged the privilege of settling quietly down among them as one of their own citizens. Though quite rich for the time, Kosciusko lived very simply, spending most of his income in charity. He was well known to all the poor of the region, and it is related of his horse that the sagacious animal always stopped on meeting a beggar and declined to move on till the poor wretch received an alms—a habit which prevented people borrowing him more than once. The old hero was not long to enjoy this quiet life. In the autumn of 1817 he died of a fever contracted while visiting a poor sick family. He had previously liberated all his serfs, making wise and kind provision for their welfare. Af-



MORNING IN THE MEADOW.—R. E. FIGUET.

see ‘it’s an ill wind that blows *nobody* any good.’”

“Lizzie, what a string of nonsense you are talking!” I exclaimed in utter incredulity.

“Very likely. But you may go and ask Agnes. I only want to say one thing more, dear. I am reconciled to my loss—now I know it has been your gain.”

And she kissed me with tears in her eyes, and went quietly out of the room.—*Leslie Malbone.*



THE HEART OF A HERO—KOSCIUSKO'S MONUMENT AT ZUCHWIL, SWITZERLAND.

THE HEART OF KOSCIUSKO.—In the churchyard of Zuchwil, stands a plain monument, bearing the simple inscription, “Viscera Thaddei Kosciuszko.” Under this stone lies the heart of the Washington of Poland. How came it there, so remote from his native land, and the place where his body lies? This is the way it came to pass: At the bloody battle of Maciejowica (October 10, 1794), where his brave but

ter death, a white handkerchief was found on his breast—the sole relic of a romantic love story of his youth. The body was embalmed and sent to Poland for interment; but the heart is buried in the little churchyard illustrated above. In the words of the friend in whose house he died: “The heart of the Polish hero, which beat for the whole world, should be where the world was free to pay it reverence.”